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Plain, Fancy, Ornamental, (in colors or not)  
executed with neatness and dispatch, at this office.

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Opposite the Court House, in Paw Paw, may be found a good assortment of Boots & Shoes, manufactured to suit the trade and warranted to suit. Also, a choice selection of FAMILY GROCERIES for sale cheap by T. A. GRANGER, A. J. SORTORE.

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**C. M. ODELL, M. D.**  
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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, etc. Long Creek Store, Corner of Main and Kalamazoo sts., Paw Paw, Michigan. 151-ly.

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Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware; consisting in part of Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Lounges, Toilet, Washing and Light Stands, etc., etc. Coffins made to order. Warehouses opposite the M. E. Church, Main-st. 27-ly.

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Proprietors Paw Paw Livery Stable. Horses and Carriages at all times to let. Passengers conveyed to any part of the country with dispatch. Stable in rear of Exchange Hotel. Terms moderate. 28-ly.

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Clock and Watch maker, and Jeweler. Mattawan, Michigan. Repairing done in the best manner and on reasonable terms. 150-ly.

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(Late of the firm of White & Metcalf, Utica, N. Y.)  
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. All operations performed in the best manner, and with new and improved instruments. Office over J. M. Hubbard's Music Store, corner of Main and Burdick streets, Kalamazoo. 21-ly.

**KALAMAZOO BAKERY,**  
SEYMOUR & Co., are prepared to fill all orders for Crackers, Cookies, Cakes, Rusks and all kinds of Bread. Shop directly opposite Fish's Flour Store, Main Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan. 161-ly.

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Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of medicine and surgery in all its departments.—All calls promptly attended to day or night. A good assortment of choice medicines kept constantly for sale. 156-ly. Mich.

## True Northerner.

VOL. 4. NO. 13.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 169.

## LAWTON BUSINESS CARDS.

**D. E. SWEET,**  
Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, consisting in part of Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Lounges, Toilet, Washing and Light Stands, etc., etc. Coffins made to order. All kinds of produce and lumber taken in payment for which will be paid the highest market price. Warehouses, one door north of the Red Blacksmith's shop. Mich. 147-ly.

**G. P. SMITH & BRO.,**  
Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruit, Confectionery, Cigars, Paints, Oils, Glass, Dry Goods, Yankee Notions, Perfumery, Drugs and Medicines, Wooden and Mechanical purposes, Books and Stationery, etc., etc. Mich. 150-ly.

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Of the best quality, latest styles, and of superior finish, manufactured to order at the shortest notice, and the lowest possible price at my shop. 157-6m. W. J. McKINNEY, Mich.

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Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, etc. etc. All of which will be sold to suit customers. 159-ly. Mich.

**SIMMONS & DARLING,**  
Dealer in Sash, Blinds and Doors, and all kinds of Cabinet Ware, at the Steam Saw Mill. Mich. 147-ly.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, consisting of Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Lounges, Stands, etc., etc. Coffins made to order. Give him a call. 162-ly. Mattawan, Mich.

## CLIPPINGS.

**MEN AND DOGS.**—"You've no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor.

"No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married."

"Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you're a happy dog."

A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said:

"You have a wife, sir?"

"Yes sir—a wife and three children."

"Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man."

"Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and married seem to conflict somewhat."

"Not at all—not at all, sir. There is a difference in my statements. Please to be more observing, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a 'happy dog,' and the man who had a wife was a 'happy man.' Nothing conflicting, sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, sir!"

**WHAT THE GIRLS NEED.**—Mrs. Ellis thus hints at the deficiencies of the English girls in household knowledge. The cap will fit our American young ladies, except that some of latter have plenty of "frankness," and do not think it worth while even to show "modesty."

"The truth is, my dear girls, you want generally speaking more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less modesty; more breakfast and less bustle."

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, isn't he?"

"No sir—no!"

"What makes him stop, then?"

"Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa,' and he shan't hear it!"

A gentleman taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but that my landlady shed tears." "I hope, sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying?"

A man, being assured that the sun never rose in the West, said it was very strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that district. He concluded it must be all moonshine.

"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir," said a stage-manager to a careless actor. "Well, sir, so I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calm reply.

A lawyer at Lowell found \$95 and returned it to the owner, and one of the papers says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is unprofessional!

On a tombstone out west is the following inscription:

Whereupon a wag has added:

"To follow you I'll not consent,  
Until I know which way you went."

The Springfield Mass. Republican perpetrates an interrogatory libel on hoop wearers: "Why are hoops like an obstinate man? Because they often stand out about trifles." Oh, dear!

"My opponent whips the Devil round the stump," said a Lecompton man in a late stump discussion with an Anti-Lecompton man. "No I don't," replied the former, "but I think I have shown that I can whip his followers on it."

"Why didn't you pocket some of them pearls?" said one boy to another, "nobody was there to see." "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever want to see myself do a mean thing."

## POETRY.

## Keep Sunshine in the Heart.

Keep sunshine in the heart, my friend,  
Whatever may betide—  
Though clouds hang dark above the path,  
And faith be sorely tried.  
Though friends have cold and distant grown,  
Nor longer lend their aid;  
Smile on! smile on! in joy or gloom—  
In sunshine or in shade.

For grief will be of no avail,  
And tears will weaken thee;  
But joy will make thy spirit strong;  
Will make thee bold and free!  
Oh, struggle bravely on! and thou  
Ere long, mayest hail the day,  
When heaven's blest beams may rend the clouds,  
And round thy pathway play!

Thy "summer friends" may soon return  
As brothers to thy side,  
And aid thee with their prayers to breast  
The waves of life's dark tide.  
Thy gloomy fears depart,  
Keep sunshine in the heart, my friend,  
Keep sunshine in thy heart.

## THE BRONZEGAITERS—OR "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"I do wonder, Doctor, you don't get married! Such a nice room, and you could have the one above for a sleeping room; and I could, you know, if you liked, let you have your meals private like; letting your office-boy, Tim—the lazy rogue, with nothing to do but to play marble and chalk up my side-walk—to set and wait on clear up the table—I do wonder you are content to live alone; and such a pleasant spoken gentleman, and so quiet and respectable, for a young doctor, in your habits, all calculated to make a wife happy! It's a pity that such nice furniture, such a nice room, should be thrown away."

Mrs. Bracegirdle was handsome, not over forty-one, a widow, and (so said rumor) had laid up not less than nine hundred dollars in the savings bank, with the "good will" of a popular boarding house. These facts forced themselves upon my mind, and I looked now upon my hostess to see if she was trying to lay a snare for me. It is true she had a shade under her cap than usual, and looked unusually attractive; but when I reflected that she had regarded me always more with a motherly feeling than a "young-widowish" one, I dismissed the unworthy suspicion from my thoughts and said, smilingly:

"And where shall I get a wife, my dear madam?"

"Bless me! a handsome young man, with such white teeth, (Mrs. Bracegirdle had splendid teeth,) a horse and buggy, a good practice, and some money of his own, to ask where he shall find a wife! There's fifty ladies would jump to get such a chance!"

"You flatter me, my dear friend," I answered, secretly rejoicing in the flattery, as we vain bipeds do, albeit we profess not to be taken with it. "A wife is a dangerous risk. One must change one's habits if one marries! I should lose my independence! I can do as I please—smoke, lounge, wear my slippers, go in and out as I please, sit on three chairs and a table too; if I take a notion to spread myself; and if I lay anything down I know where to find it! Why, it makes me nervous to see your Betsy, the chambermaid, come into my room with that cluster of an old, torn silk handkerchief, lest she should do mischief. What would become of me with a wife who would 'put everything to rights,' not understanding that there exists a certain systematic arrangement perceptible to my own eyes in all this chaos! If my pipe lies on an open book it is to mark a reference; if my shoe is on the bed, there is probably under it, for safe-keeping, a specimen of newly discovered beetle bug; if half a brick is on my writing desk I put it there to keep the papers from being blown away. But you know my habits, Mrs. Bracegirdle."

"Yes, Doctor, and that is the reason you ought to be married; for your words show you are selfish, and there is no cure for it but a wife," she said with emphasis.

"Yes, I have no doubt a wife would put me almost out of conceit of myself," I answered with a half sneer. "But, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bracegirdle, I have a great desire to be married, but I am the most difficult person to suit. My wife must be perfect. I can't bear ugliness, and a bad feature in woman I can never forgive."

"As if, poor woman, it was her fault," answered Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"That is not the point. A woman, to fix my attention, must be without fault," I said firmly. "She must be as beautiful as Eve doubtless was in the beginning; as intelligent as—as let me see!—as Lady Jane Grey, as graceful as Jenny Lind, as beautiful as Cleopatra, as pious as the three Marys, as benevolent as Florence Nightingale, as—as—"

"Rich as Croesus!" ventured Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"No," said I. "I don't care a fig for money. I want beauty and goodness, loveliness of face and symmetry of figure; but—here I spoke with positiveness and

decision—but above all she must have a little foot."

Mrs. Bracegirdle slyly withdrew her plump foot, No. 58, out of sight, within the mysterious periphery of her black-silk.

"A pretty foot?"

"Two of them, Mrs. Bracegirdle. A pair of pretty feet! I could not love Venus herself if she had a big foot! It is impossible but that a perfectly beautiful woman will have small and pretty feet. I am willing to choose a wife by her foot, for I accept in this case the aphorism that 'All's well that ends well.'"

Mrs. Bracegirdle, after taking half a minute to think upon it, was vastly pleased with this quotation used in such a relation, and laughed heartily.

"Well, well, Doctor, you are a droll gentleman, to be sure. You have such a pleasant temper, you'd make any woman happy. But there's the bell! Good morning, Doctor!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Bracegirdle," I said, and she closed the door; and I added, sub voce, "if I thought I could make any woman happy, I would try and find some one among the sex to make me happy! But this marrying is a lottery. A man might as safely draw from a wheel into which all the pretty and virtuous women's names in New York, written on slips of paper, had been poured, as to draw from them by chance at a party, at church, or in the street! If it is my destiny to be married, the right pair of pretty feet will by-and-by catch my eye tripping along, and challenge me!"

Thus soliloquizing, I took my seat by my window in a huge leather-backed arm chair, and drawing a match across the sole of my boot, lighted a cigar and gave myself up to reflection and inspection of passers-by.

"Mrs. Bracegirdle is right," I ejaculated, at the end of ten minutes; "she is undoubtedly quite right—I ought to take a wife. But whose wife shall I take?—as young Sheridan asked his father."

As the clouds of azure smoke rolled above my head I conjured up, peeping out of each curl, the face of some dozen fair girls I had known or still knew. As the features blended with the wreaths and passed in review before my eyes, I deliberately rejected each—passing judgement into this or that beneath the coming of my room. One had a nose too blunt, another a nose retreating so far as to turn up; a third was too tall; a fourth had too large a foot; a fifth had bad teeth; a sixth laughed too much; a seventh talked too loud; an eighth had too big knuckles; a ninth had hair on her lip; a tenth—sweet girl—could not bear the smell of asafetida, and of course was out of the question for a doctor's wife; an eleventh had bad breath, and the twelfth wore spectacles—my abomination in a young girl.

These feminine faces all ascended above my head, and disappeared slowly into thin air—evaporated with the smoke that had produced them. But somehow a sweet face seemed to linger in the blue cloud that curled from the very end of my cigar. Her blue eyes, her pleasant smile, her graceful head and shoulders, her exquisite hands and incomparable foot—all were more visible to me as I had before seen them, and almost fallen in love with their possessor. But alas, she was my cousin! I had been informed by Fanny's Puritan mother that it was a moral sin to marry cousins, for the Bible said so. So I let this sweet face melt away towards the ceiling, an ascending angel, and sighed, half resolving to turn Roman Catholic, that I might get a dispensation from the Pope to marry cousins.

I ran against both? So I saw the features of my fair and merry cousin fade away with sorrow.

"Not one of these will do," I said shaking my head, and also shaking the ashes off my cigar. I then carefully glanced out of the window, preparatory to my reviewing another dozen of my marrying acquaintances. At the instant a lovely girl was going along on the other side of the street. I recognized her at once as a mysterious and graceful girl, who had often passed my window. I had never seen her face as it was concealed. How, then, did I know she was lovely? You ask. Because her feet were the most captivating little members my critical eyes had ever rested upon. Such feet could belong only to a lovely body, and a lovely body to match in symmetry the faultless feet, must be crowned by a superb and lovely head and face. From such cogent argumentation there can clearly be no appeal. I had often pointed her out to some of my friends, and more than once said that I would willingly marry her without seeing her face.

The fair promenade now made use of her little feet with exquisite daintiness. Their exquisite movements realized fully old Sir John Sucklin's admirable lines—

Her feet beneath her petticoats,  
Like little mice, peeped in and out."

The first day, two months before that, I saw them, I was at once taken captive. "I at length," said I to Harry Hamilton, my friend, "behold the beau-ideal of my imagination. The perfect foot which I have in vain looked for in the Medicean Venus, in Powers' Greek Slave, in every

work of art illustrating feminine beauty is now found."

It was gaitered in a close-fitting, gold-on-bronze boot, with neat heels, like little walnuts, and as she walked I heard the nut-like "tap-tap" upon the pave. As she now came opposite my window she slightly (the least perceptible motion in the world) elevated her skirts to escape possible contact with a pile of coal-dust which Dr. Bang, my vis-a-vis friend and rival, had carelessly permitted to remain after getting down his coal. Such an ankle of grace and beauty was never beheld! They were fit mates of twinkling feet.—As I gazed enchanted, the fair promenade, whose form was slight, symmetrical, and graceful, as became such lovely feet, turned the corner and vanished from my sight.

I am not usually an impulsive man.—My uncle, who was a physician, had told me that impulse and excitability were fatal to the success of a doctor of medicine, that I ought to cultivate calmness, imperturbability and cool self-possession.

"Gravity and dignity, slowness of gait and deliberation of opinion are the highest qualifications in a medical man," he used often to say.

I, therefore, at my present age, eight and twenty, am quite a Galen for gravity and decorum of visage and manner. But I must confess that upon losing sight of the fair possessor of the beautiful feet, I sprang from my arm-chair, tossed my cigar into the grate, seized my hat and stick, (a gold-headed, doctor-like cane, with my name, "Dr. J. V. S. Dodwell, Jr., M. D., in full length thereon,) and rushed into the hall and made for the street door, resolved I would this time follow her to the world's end, but that I would discover who she was. Mrs. Bracegirdle was standing in the door, chaffering with a woman for fruit of some sort. As I crowded past her she looked at me with amazement and cried out with alarm—

"Who is hurt? What is it, Doctor?—Is anybody run over?"

"No, I am a wife!" I replied, and leaving her mystified, I pursued with rapid steps, the course taken by the twinkling golden bronzes. Upon turning the corner I met her full in the face, returning, as if she had mistaken the street. I was so taken aback—to use a sea term—that I stood perfectly still, confounded at the rencontre, and she glided past me without even glancing at me as she would have done by a barrel that stood in her path.—Her face was concealed by a brown veil, worn, as the fashion of young girls is, double over the face, though for the life of me how they can see to walk blindfolded is a mystery! After she passed I recovered my self-possession which this unexpected encounter had in a measure deprived me of, and turned to follow her, resolved that I would never lose sight of her until I knew where she abode, which ascertaining, I determined to take steps to become acquainted with her.

Instead of coming along Bleeker street she crossed it, and seemed to be looking for some number. She slowly read the signs on the doctor's window-shutters, (it read she could through the thick barge mask,) and passing on, I saw her linger a moment and glance at the name on my window blind, and then lightly trip up the steps and ring the bell—not Mrs. Bracegirdle's but mine.

I do not know whether surprise or delight most predominated in my emotions at this. My boy, Tim, a red-headed little mulatto, opened the door, and was about to say I was out, when, catching a glimpse of me, he said, loud enough for me to hear:

"He's coming ma'am, walk in."

The golden gaiters disappeared lightly in the hall, and I followed with a palpitating heart. It is not often I receive patients in my room, and never ladies; and the condition of my apartment, with all its confusion—cigar-boxes, old hats, empty vials and chaos generally—rushed upon my thoughts, and I hesitated whether I should go in bodily and take the responsibility of all, or quietly withdraw and keep out of my visitors way. But curiosity to know why I was thus honored overcame this hesitation, and so I entered the hall. Mrs. Bracegirdle was just ending a peep through the ajar of the door into my office, at the lady. I saw her look a little rosy as she said, in a sort of apologetic way:

"I thought you had gone out, Doctor. There is a young lady in your room."

"I saw some one come in, and returned," I said with dignity; as if it were nothing to me whether the lady was old or young. Upon entering the office the visitor arose, For Tim had invited her to take a chair, and said in a charmingly modulated voice, interrogatively:

"Doctor Dodwell?"

"Yes, Miss. Please, keep your seat," I said, with my best Sunday-bow, and my softest face-receiving smile, which I believe is in every way my blandest.

A glance to catch another look at the Cinderella boots, but "the mice" were now basked out of sight; so I tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but the double veil still concealed it like an iron mask.

For the benefit of my female readers I will describe her dress, premising that it was the month of September—near its close. In height she was about that of

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the Venus of Canova; which is five feet two inches—Beauty's standard. Her form was slightly but elegantly moulded, in just and poetical proportions with her "beautifully less" stature. Nothing in symmetrical grace could surpass the beauty of her neck, the lovely fall of her shoulders, the moulded roundness of her arms, which, betrayed by her sleeve, exposed itself at the wrist adorned by a simple gold band for a bracelet. Her hands were just like those elegant tapering fingers which we have presented to us every month in the pictures of the ladies who illustrate "the Fashions." They were nicely fitted by a pair of claret-colored gloves with gauletted wrist-guards. She wore an open work straw, which was trimmed with flowers of some sort, and straw and curls, and claret colored and lemon ribbons, and lace (I was never a hand to describe the bewildering graces of a lady's costume), all mingled together in bewitching confusion, producing a tout ensemble that would, without doubt, have set off the beauty of her face in the most charming manner, provided her face could have been seen, but that veil, falling from the front, destroyed all possible effect. Her dress was a greenish brown and claret plaid silk, very rich, and all flounced and hooped, and superb in its breadth; and over her shoulders she wore a handsome coral colored merino shawl, with a border of needle work in the most expensive style. In one hand she held a claret-colored wrought bag, with a cambric chief, elegantly embroidered, peeping out, half revealing a name, neatly unwreathed, of which I detected the letters, "Annie W—". In her other hand she held a claret-colored parasol, closed. Altogether she was very fashionably and elegantly attired, and with the most exquisite taste.

"Yes, Miss, I am Dr. Dodwell. Can I be of any service to you?" I asked, trying to recall my uncle's instructions about dignity, coolness and self-possession.—Without doubt I was a little flustered. There seemed a sort of destiny at her entering my office, and I could not dismiss from my mind the idea that more would yet come of it than now appeared on the surface.

"I am very desirous of seeing you, sir, on some private matters," she said, in a voice like a flute—translucent, and rich—

"Are we alone?"

I wondered whether it could possibly be a professional visit. She seemed the incarnation of health and beauty; for that voice was in perfect tune—and the medical man knows that any quickening of depression of the pulse by incoherent illness is at once apparent in the voice.

"But perhaps she comes for others," I said to myself, and then aloud, "We are quite alone."

I felt my heart flutter as I said this, and walked to the door to see if Mrs. Bracegirdle might by chance be at hand.

My suspicions were verified—I found her very tidily gathering up shreds and smoothing my door-mat—that is all. I would not on oath say she was listening. Mrs. Bracegirdle was, I am sure, above this weakness of her sex. Nevertheless, I resolved to close my door, which I had modestly left ajar as I entered. Mrs. B caught my eye, and looked a little queer out of hers.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," I said to her, becoming my great uncle himself, and not waiting to translate for her, as I usually did my Latin labels, I entered my room, and I shutting my door, advanced to my visitor. She was seated, and both of her exquisite little bronzed boots were just visible, sweetly nestled one upon the other.

"You will no doubt think me very bold, sir, but I have come to ask you to prescribe for me!"

"Indeed, Miss! Then it is a professional visit?"

"Unquestionably," said she, with dignity and ease.

"This coolness quite put all my philosophy out of my brain."

"Pray, may I ask what is your disease?"

"Of the heart, sir."

I